

Lincoln. p. 18. p. 28.

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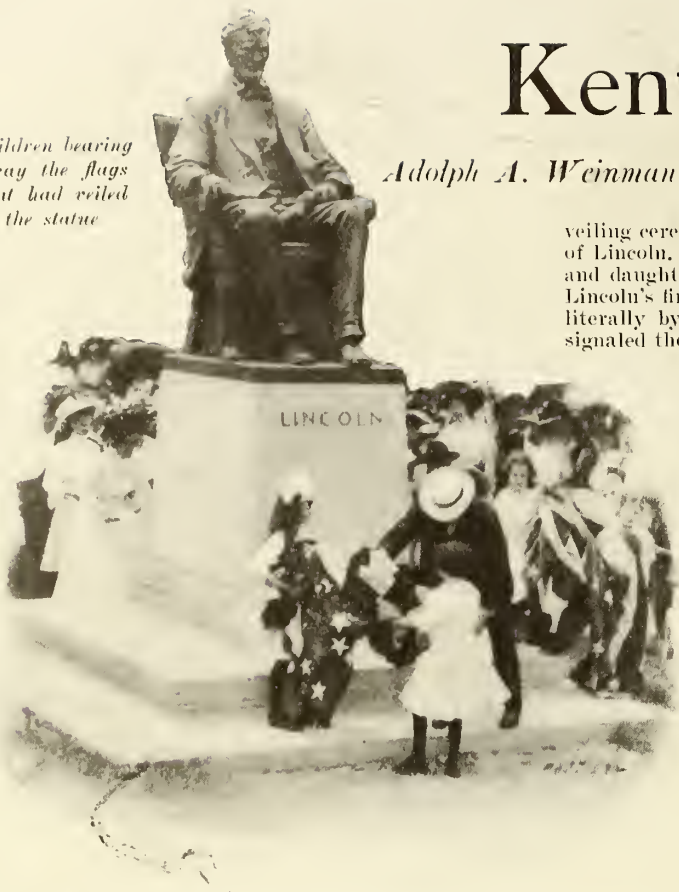
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VOL XLIII NO 13



# Kentucky Honors Lincoln

Children bearing  
away the flags  
that had veiled  
the statue



*Adolph A. Weinman's Statue of the Emancipator President Unveiled in Lincoln's Native Town*

veiling ceremonies of the already famous Weinman statue of Lincoln. It was distinctly a Kentucky day. The sons and daughters and the grandsons and granddaughters of Lincoln's first neighbors were there, not by hundreds, but literally by thousands. It was a prophetic day, for it signaled the coming of a people into the full appreciation of that which was their own. They came by buggy, mule-back, and iron tire. They came by special trains from over the State, until all the town's switchers and sidings were crowded and the main track completely choked. The little town's population of a thousand multiplied to twenty times that for this one day. It was the State's just acknowledgment of its pride in its great Emancipator President.

For days prior to the unveiling, the women of Lincoln's native town were busy sewing rod-rings on flags, festooning tricolored bunting on the court-house walls, and wreathing flowers for the school-children to bear. The while the men folks stood round and "calculated." And when the day came, praise to the industrious ladies, there was not a detail in arrangement or program that was not perfected.

Among the specials that rolled into Hodgenville that perfect summer day was the long Pullman train of the Louisville Chamber of Commerce, carrying its distinguished citizens, among whom were Governor Willson, Colonel Henry Watterson, Chief Justice E. C. O'Rear of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, Rabbi Enelow, Hon. John M.

Atherton, Hon. Edward J. McDermott, and Judge George DuRelle of the United States Court, all of whom participated in the unveiling exercises. To this train was also attached the private cars carrying Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, his family and his friends. A great crowd had gathered at the station to cheer the arrival of these



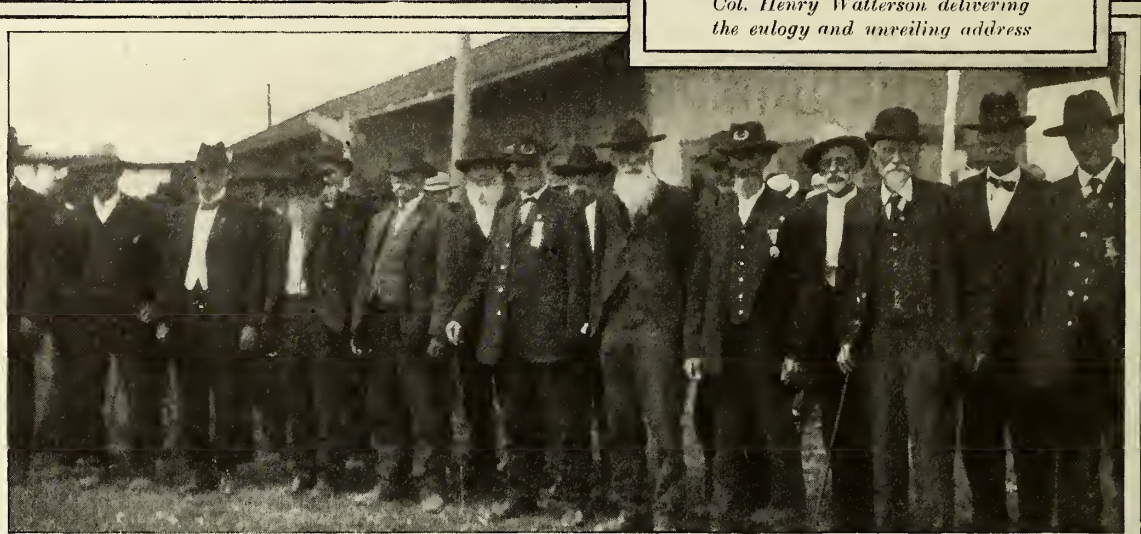
*Col. Henry Watterson delivering the eulogy and unveiling address*

**W**HILE the Old Dominion and the Buckeye State have always prided themselves on the Presidents they have given to the nation, Kentucky is just beginning to realize that as the mother of Abraham Lincoln she

has a claim upon birthright distinction that no other multiple of Presidential sons can ever shadow or diminish.

It was not, however, until after the Lincoln Farm Association had been organized by a group of patriotic men in New York for the purpose of conserving and caring for Lincoln's birthplace, in the very geographic center of the Blue Grass State, that Kentuckians realized their own lamentable tardiness in properly honoring their greatest son. Appreciating the fact that Kentucky had left the Lincoln birthplace shamefully neglected for the people of other States to care for, Mr. Robert Enlow, the grandson of the Lincolns' nearest neighbors a hundred years ago, introduced in the Kentucky State Legislature of 1906 a bill calling for an appropriation of ten thousand dollars to be expended in setting up in Hodgenville, Lincoln's native town, a worthy memorial monument. But the law-makers of Boone's commonwealth inappreciatively amended the bill to call for but one-quarter of that amount.

Ex-Congressman David Smith, of the Fourth Congress-



*Veterans of the Blue and the Gray in line together*

distinguished guests. A long procession of school-children, all in white, each carrying a wreath of roses and headed by a local band, acted as escort to the carriages from the depot to the Court-House Square. Before the veiled statue stood a picturesque company of "Union" soldiers, veterans of both the Blue and the Gray. As the procession approached, the battle-seared veterans opened their ranks to let the children pass, each one carrying to the base of the pedestal and depositing there a floral wreath, singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" as they marched. One little fellow cried to put his flowers "at the feet of Mr. Lincoln," and he was promptly lifted up to the plinth that he might do so.

Over the statue were draped two huge flags lightly bound together by a silken cord. After Judge O'Rear

*(Concluded on page 28)*



*The crowd that gathered from all parts of the State*

sional District of Kentucky, feeling the inadequacy of the Frankfort appropriation, secured in the closing days of the Fifty-ninth Congress a Federal appropriation of ten thousand dollars. The two appropriations were put in charge of a commission of five, appointed by Governor Beekham of Kentucky. This commission determined upon a bronze statue of Lincoln, and commissioned the work to Mr. Adolph Alexander Weinman of New York, probably America's ablest sculptor to-day. This statue, much admired and highly commended both by art critics and friends of President Lincoln, who had a right to judge of its portrait value, was unveiled on Memorial Day. On this day Kentucky realized her own.

## Among Lincoln's First Neighbors

**T**UTORED by the Lincoln Farm Association, which last February celebrated the Lincoln centennial on the birthplace farm with exercises of national significance, the people of Kentucky rallied to Hodgenville for the un-



*The procession was led by companies of school-children bearing flags and flowers*



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had concluded his address on the Kentucky pioneer and Miss Florence Howard had recited effectively "The Blue and the Gray." Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, pulled the silken cord, and the flags fell apart, dropping gracefully into the arms of the six little girls who were stationed by the pedestal to receive them.

As this heroic bronze image of the martyred President looked out upon the scenes from whence he came, an impressive silence spread over the vast crowd in the Court-House Square. Then, like a rocket, a great cheer went up and the cheers spent themselves spontaneously into the singing of "America." It was one of those lofty moments crowded with inspiration and deep emotion. But in perfect harmony with the spirit and character of the living Lincoln, the moment was not without its humiliating humor. The local band that had done so proudly with "Dixie" and "My Old Kentucky Home" and a military heel-and-toe promenade polka, veered leeward toward the reef and broke hopelessly upon the rocks in the second stanza of the national anthem.

In concluding the exercises, Judge DuRelle, one of the commissioners, accepted the work from the sculptor with words of appropriate appreciation. In turn, Governor Willson accepted the work from the commission on behalf of the Commonwealth and solemnly entrusted its care to the citizens of Hodgenville, by whom, through their Mayor, it was received.

Kentucky's happy recognition of pride in her greatest son was nowhere so well epitomized as in Colonel Henry Watterson's unveiling address. Himself a Kentuckian and a Confederate veteran, he voiced the spirit not of the border State alone, nor yet of the South, but of all the States, when, referring to Lincoln and the Union, he said: "We owe its preservation to his wisdom, to his integrity, to his firmness and his courage. As none other than Washington could have led the armies of the Revolution from Valley Forge to Yorktown, none other than Lincoln could have maintained the Government from Sumter to Appomattox. All of us are Unionists now."



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### The Side Doors of the City of Churches

THE officer of the law was lounging easily near the "side entrance," his elbows planted back of him in a restful position upon the iron window-guard, his club dangling listlessly from his wrist. We took a similar attitude under a big gilt brewery sign across the street. It was Sunday afternoon, and we were doing the saloons about the Hamilton Avenue ferry in Brooklyn. Two of us were Manhattan newspaper scribes; the third, be it confessed, was a public-school teacher.

"Another one of those poor deaf and dumb, blind, and straggled 'cops,'" quoth the pedagogue. "Look at him—too sleepy to turn his head!" At that moment a limply, struggling figure was flung out at the very feet of the officer, and a big man in a white apron appeared for an instant at the doorway. The loafers up and down Hamilton Avenue guffawed. The white-aproned man appeared for a second time and shoved a second "drunk" violently into the street. The policeman exchanged a word with the "barkeep," and, walking over to the edge of the sidewalk, poked the prostrate wretch in the ribs with his club. "Move on there!" came from the lips of authority. The bum staggered in a zigzag toward us, and ended by falling headlong into the open door of the saloon at our back. The "cop" returned to his post of duty.

In a large rear room of the saloon we found the "bouncer" and another, a middle-aged and rather pleasant-appearing fellow, industriously drawing beer at a small bar. Through an excess of caution, or some other motive equally superfluous in the saloon business in New York City, the proprietor was not serving drinks in the main barroom that day. The school-teacher placed three nickels on the sudsy copper sink over the spigots and ordered a "short" lager beer. "Make it three," added my fellow-journalist, shrewdly calculating on the plainly suggested five-cent limit. They were of gentlemanly "shortness" in comparison with the great urns of splashing yellow stuff that was set out to the herd. The big barkeep rang up the cash register, and, talking pleasantly to us the while, mechanically served a ragged man who was so drunk he could scarcely hold himself up by the slippery bar-rail. The poor fellow spilled half of it on his clothes, wobbled for a moment, and slid to the floor. "Trow that ——— out, too, Jake!" commanded the smaller man disgustedly.



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